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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.

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Whatever Is--Is Best.

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That such sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But so sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, some time punished,
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means ofter to suffer—
But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan.
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

How One Man Got a Wife.

"You have doubtless read Charles Reade's charming tale of the difficulties encountered by the first women doctors and the pathetic recital of the manner in which these difficulties were removed by a plucky, brawny little woman?" said a veteran doctor at the Cadillac yesterday afternoon.

"Well, I could tell you a little story, somewhat similar in many respects, about a young woman who was one of the first practioners in this country, for she studied in the days when many colleges had not yet opened their doors to women. She had received a degree somewhere in Boston when she wouldn't have been given one anywhere else, and, as her home was in a Western town near one of the mining camps, for those were the days of gold and silver excitement, she resolutely packed her grip and one day surprised everyone by nailing a shingle on the door of a rude cabin, stating her profession and the fact that her office hours were from nine o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, after which she was only to be disturbed by extraordinary cases. She was a bright little woman, with a graceful figure and a proud, real thoroughbred way of carrying herself that disarmed any approach toward familiarity on the part of the rough, uneducated men. Her appearance was hailed with perfect satisfaction, and there was something so prepossessing about her that the men began to wish that the camp wasn't so healthy, so that some of them might be treated by the fair newcomer. I remember her first, for I was working in a drift at the time. Bill Swipes, a six-footer, went to her one morning in a sheepish kind of way, for he had been hit hard by her bright eyes. He did look a little out of sorts, Bill did, and he trembled as though he had the palsy. The young woman eyed him critically as he awkwardly explained that he wasn't feeling very well, thought he had the consumption or something and calculated that he would come and consult a doctor.

"'Consumption!' she exclaimed, scornfully, suaveying his salwart figure. 'Bosh! What are your symptoms?'

"'Well, I got up feeling dazedlike and for two or three days have had a pain in my head. If it isn't consumption it's brain fever.'

"Nonesense!" she said sharply. "You've been on a spree. The only remedy for you is to let whiskey alone. Good morning."

"Bill hesitated and pulled out a roll ot bills.

"Thanks,' he said. 'What is the consultation fee?"

"She laughed, and he put his money in his pocket in a shamefaced manner. After that patients came thick and fast. Those were rough days, and the fair doctor had more cuts and slashes to bind than any other kind of cases, and the consultation fee and treatment was $10 a visit, the gold pieces tingled merrily into the newcomer's palm. The miners hailed a cut or a stab with considerable satisfaction, as such slight mishaps enabled them to visit the pretty young woman, who never received any but mutilated callers.

Rows began to be frequent, and one day even a Chinaman who had been slightly slashed started for the cabin, but the boys interfered, for they were not going to have her treat any Celestials, so they took him by the pigtail and made him walk turkey to the river, where they pitched him in, just to remind him that he should not presume again. The boys courted scars and wounds, and the miner who was treated was so proud he wouldn't speak to any of the rest of us for a week or so. But there was a young fellow who was a most frequent visitor. He went about once every two weeks, and I am sure she would have been amazingly surprised if he had of missed one of these fortnghtly visits. While she was binding up his wounds he would gaze into her eyes and would sometimes utter absurd exclamations which would case her to admonish him sharply. But one day he came there a wreck so well cut up that she made him lie down on the sofa, when he kecame unconscious for two days. She pulled him through with careful nuraing, and then what do you suppose?"

"She married him?"

"No, she married me, and I was the only man who hadn't gone galevanting around to her hause with a stab or a slash. It's my wife I've been telling you about, gentlemen."

THE HUNTERS PARADISE.

During a recent trip to Fisherman's Paradise, at the mouth of the Missouri river, a well-known gentleman of this city was very much surprised to note the wonderful changes that have taken place there in the past twenty years. He yisited the place quite frequently from 1865 to 1870 for the purpose of fishing in summer and in winter to shoot some of the myriads of geese which make the point and sand bars their homes for many weeks every season. The gentleman recounted with considerable pleasure many stories of adventure connecting with his hunting expeditions and refuted to a certain extent several statements concerning the exploits of fisherman and hunters of that locality, whose wonderful tales of big catches of fish and birds have been heralded to all parts of the sporting world and which have no doubt caused hundreds to visit the grounds from homes thousands of miles away.

That the number of geese and ducks which roost upon the point is almost innumerable there can be no successful contradiction. The farmers living on the east side of the mouth of old Wood river are authority for the statement that a bar extending down the river four miles of and average width of one mile, often becomes literally covered in half an hour by the triangular flocks as they return from the wheat fields back on the bluffs. The birds stand so near each other on the bar that to an observer on the opposite side of the river it appears to be a living mass. All of the other bars and points along the west side of the Mississippi and on both sides of the Missouri, as far as eye can see, often presents the same appearance, and visitors stand for hours gazing with a true hunter's delight upon the wild scene.

The birds have made the place their home for many years according to the traditions of the place, and surely the oldest inhabitant has never noticed a diminution in numbers during the season of migration.

In order to form some idea of the vast number of geese which hold high carnival upon the isolated and desolate sand bars, it might be well to say that the cackling, squawking and fighting of the multitude can be plainly heard at a distance of two miles and when such a thing as a general and simultaneous rise occurs from fright or other causes, the flapping of wings and whizzing of the birds through the air sounds like a distant storm and often causes those who have never known of such an occurance much alarm. The birds are killed by the wholesale as they proceed to the wheat fields in the morning, and also when they return to the roost at night, yet the slaughter makes no appreciable reduction in their ranks.

The hunter's plan is to stand on or near the east bank of the river about daylight with a double-barrel shot gun, and as the geese take about three fourths of a mile flight in which to rise before reaching that point they are hardly ever out of reach of the unerring aim of the skilled marksman or even the citizen of the locality who prides himself in some instances on the possession of an old musket. In the evening a stand is taken further back, at least half a mile from the river, so that, when a bird is shot or crippled it will fall before the stream is reached so it can be secured. The evening shooting is not so acceptable as the daylight shooting, owing to the fact that the birds fly much higher and with redoubled speed, yet the hunters knock many from this elevated position, and, in fact, oftenkill more than they can conveniently carry. Several persons make their salaries in the chase for the geese, and it is a well known fact that Charlie Huntington and others living at Alton Junction have derived greot pecuniary profit from this source. Mr. Huntington in particular, is known to have killed as high as eighty geese in a single day, and he has averaged twenty a day for two weeks at a time. He is not alone in his hunter's luck, as others have made, and are making, the sport their avocation.

Hundreds of little huts line the bank, and every corn shock is an improvised house for the shelter of the goose hunter who happens to arrive long before daylight. None of the old hunters ever attempt to visit the bar and lie in wait for the birds to go to roost, as they have learned from experience the utter uselessness of such a proceeding.—[St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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Strong Drink at the World's Fair.

The liquor men were sufficiently influential with the United States Senate to secure a reversal of the vote by which that august body had declared against the sale of intoxicants at the World's Fair. But the great agricultural state of Illinois has a law that if enforced would exclude gambling and the sale of all spirituous liquors from every Fair ground and exposition in the state. We give language of its penalty:

"Whoever shall keep any shop, booth, tent wagon, vessel, boat, or other place for sale of spirituous liquor, or expose for sale, or sell, or give away, or otherwise dispose of any spirituous liquors, or whoever engages in gaming at or within two miles of the place where any agricultural, horticutural or mechanical fair is being held, shall for each offense be fined not less than five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars."

It is proposed by the directory of the Columbian Exposition to secure the abrogation of this law at next winter's session of the Illinois Legislature, but the W. C. T. U. of the state will no doubt be early in the field, and will unite with other temperance societies and the churches to bring to bear upon the legislature a counter influence. There is also a state law which if enforced would close every saloon in Chicago on Sunday. If the leaders of the city churches will unite to secure the enforcement of this law and the one relating to fairs and expositions, they will prove to be the upper and nether millstones between which the alcohol venders may be reduced to their lowest dimensions. A thousand and a thousand times the temperance poeple have repeated what is so sadly true, that we have now law enough to well-nigh destory the liquor traffic if the Christian element in this country were active to secure enforcement of the same. Why is not the said element active? If good people think we Prohibitionist go too far, why do they not go just far enough? Why are not our high license friends busy securing the enforcement of "such laws as we have?" The answer is not far to seek.—*Union Signal.*

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The Ladies' Home Journal.

"Why Young Men defer Marriage" is the subject of an interesting article on this truth-asserting topic, by John Lambert Payne, in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Mr Payne's paper is statistical and treats this momentous matter from every standpoint. The domestic problem concerning the relations existing "Between Mistress and Maid" is intelligently discussed by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Helen S. Conaut and Cristine Terhume Herrick, as is. "Getting Home from the Country" by Helen Jay. The wife of the famous dramatist, Alexandre Dumas, is the subject of a sketch, with portrait, by Lucy Hamilton Hooper, and Laura Grover Smith gives a discription of a unique firm of women lawyers in Milwaukee. Maude Haywood contributes a special illustrated paper on "The Chicago Society of Decorative Art," and Walter H. Barrett writes comprehensively of "Women and Life Insurance." The Editor speaks some timely words about the restlessness of the American man and its effect upon women, and Foster Coates tells of "Women in Journalism."

The always interesting departmunts by competent editors conclude a number which is more than usually attractive, and one that cannot fail to please its hundreds of thousands of readers. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is published by Tho Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, for ten cents a number and one dollar per year.

Literary Note From Demorest's Magazine.

It may not be known to everyone that Mrs. Benjamin Harrison is one of the best of American flower-painters. Since she has occupied her position of lady of the White House, however, her public duties have largely prevented the exercise of her artistic genius; but in that period she has found leisure to paint one of the loveliest representations of flower life that ever came from an artists hand—a magnificent group of orchids on a porcelain panel. With that broad and kindly spirit which has marked her career, she has presented this single production of her scant leisure to the public, and DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE has the honor of being the medium through which this painting is offered to the mothers, wives, and daughters of America, to whom it is lovingly dedicated.

There is no taint of politics in it: it is simply the tribute of a good woman's love for the women of her nation, superbly expressed in color and form,—the foremost woman of the Republic cementing, by means of her art, her sisterhood with all of her sex in the land.

Mrs. Harrison's painting has been reprodnced in the highest style of art, of the same size as the original 11½x15 inches), and is an absolutely perfect counterpart, in every particular, to the faintest tint of color, and even to the peculiar texture of the porcelain,

With each copy of Demorest's Magazine for October one of these wonderful reproductions of "A WHITE HOUSE ORCHID," PAINTED BY THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE, in the White House from an orchid grown in the White house is to be presented FREE.